$th November LODGE'S 'WITS' MISERY '

Mr Thomas Lodge hath written a book called *Wit? Misery*$_y$ *and ike Worlfs Madness, discovering the devils incarnate of this age* As of Vain-glory he walketh in Paul's like a gallant courtier, where if he meet some rich choughs worth the gulLng, at every word he speaketh, he makes a mouse of an elephant; he telleth them of wonders done in Spain by his ancestors, where if the matter were well examined, his father was but a swabber in the ship where Seville oranges were the best merchandise

Or of Superfluous Invention, who infecteth all kinds so that the ploughman who in times past was content in russet must nowadays have his doublet of the fashion with wide cuts, his garters of fine silk of Granado to meet his Sis on Sunday the farmer that was contented in times past with his russet frock and mockado sleeves now sells a cow against Easter to buy him sillen gear for his credit

Or of Scandal and Detraction, that is a right malcontent devil He weareth his hat without a band, his hose ungartered, his rapier *funto reverse,* his looks suspicious and heavy, his left hand continually on his dagger , if he walk in Paul's, he skulls in the back aisles Well spoken he is, and hath some languages, and hath read over the conjuration of Machiavel, in belief he is an Atheist or a counterfeit Catholic, hath been long a traveller and seen many countries, but brmgeth home nothing but corruptions to disturb the peace of his own country

Another devil is Adulation, who generally goes jetting in noblemen's cast apparel. he hath all the sonnets and wanton rhymes the world ot our wanton wit can afford him , he can dance, leap, sing, drink upsee freeze, attend his

friend to a bawdy house, court a harlot for him, take him up commodities, feed him in humours If he meet with a wealthy young heir w orth the clawing, e Oh rare,' cries he, do he never so filthily. He pulls feathers from his cloak if he walk in the street, kisseth his hand with a courtesy at every nod of the younker If he be i with a martial man, or employed in some courtly tilt or tourney, c Mark my Lord,3 quoth he, fi with how good a grace he sat his horse, how bravely he brake his lance *

The devil Arrogancy is one that never speaks but he first wags